

THREE
P O E M S
Upon the Death of his late
HIGHNESSE
O L I V E R
LORD PROTECTOR
O F
*England, Scotland, and
Ireland.*

Written
By { M^r EDM. WALLER.
M^r JO. DRYDEN.
M^r SPRAT, of Oxford.

L O N D O N,
Printed by *William Wilson*, and are to be sold in
*Well-yard near Little St. Bartholomew's
Hospitall. 1659.*

THREE

P O E M S

Upon the Death of his late

MICHAEL

O L I V E R

LORD PROTECTOR

OF

England, Scotland, and

Ireland

AND

THE




Heroique Stanza's,
Consecrated to the Glorious
Memory of his most Serene and
Renowned Highnesse

OLIVER

Late *LORD PROTECTOR* of this
Common-Wealth, &c.

Written after the Celebration of his Funerall.

Nd now 'tis time ; for their Officious haste,
Who would before have born him to the sky,
Like eager *Romans* ere all Rites were past
Did let too soon the *sacred Eagle* fly.

B

Though

2.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame
 Joyn'd with the loud applause of publique voice ;
 Since Heav'n, what praise we offer to his name,
 Hath render'd too authentick by its choice :

3.

Though in his praise no Arts can liberall be,
 Since they whose muses have the highest flown
 Add not to his immortall Memorie,
 But do an act of friendship to their own.

4.

Yet 'tis our duty and our interest too
 Such monuments as we can build to raise ;
 Lest all the World prevent what we should do
 And claime a *Title* in him by their praise.

5.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude
 To draw a *Fame* so truly *Circular* ?

For in a round what order can be shew'd,
 Where all the parts so *equall perfect* are ?

6.

His *Grandeur* he deriv'd from Heav'n alone,
 For he was great e're Fortune made him so ;

And

(3)

And Warr's like mists that rise against the Sunne
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

7.

No borrow'd Bay's his *Temples* did adorne,
But to our *Crown* he did fresh *Jewells* bring,
Nor was his Vertue poyson'd soon as born
With the too early thoughts of being King.

(8)

Fortune (that easie Mistresse of the young
But to her auncient servants coy and hard)
Him at that age her favorites rank'd among
When she her best-lov'd *Pompey* did discard.

9.

He, private, mark'd the faults of others sway,
And set as *Sea-mark's* for himself to shun;
Not like rash *Monarch's* who their youth betray
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

10.

And yet *Dominion* was not his Designe,
We owe that blessing not to him but Heaven,
Which to faire Acts unfought rewards did joyn,
Rewards that lesse to him than us were given.

B 2

Our

(4)

11.

Our former Cheifs like sticklers of the Warre
First sought t'inflame the Parties, then to poise ;
The quarrell lov'd, but did the cause abhorre,
And did not strike to hurt but make a noise.

12

Warre our consumption was their gainfull trade,
We inward bled whilst they prolong'd our pain:
He fought to end our fighting, and assaid
To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein.

13.

Swift and resistlesse through the Land he past
Like that bold *Greek* who did the East subdue ;
And made to battails such Heroick haste
As if on wings of victory he flew.

14.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame,
Till by *new maps* the Island might be shown,
Of Conquests which he strew'd where e're he came
Thick as the *Galaxy* with starr's is sown.

15.

His *Palmes* though under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd ; no *winter* could his *Laurells* fade ;
Hea-

Heav'n in his Portraict shew'd a Workman's hand
And drew it perfect yet without a shade.

16.

Peace was the Prize of all his toyles and care,
Which Warre had banisht and did now restore ;

Bologna's wall thus mounted in the Ayre

To seat themselves more surely then before.

17.

Her safety rescu'd *Ireland* to him owes

And Treacherous *Scotland* to no int'rest true,

Yet blest that fate which did his Armes dispose

Her Land to Civilize as to subdue.

18.

Nor was he like those *starr's* which only shine

When to pale *Mariners* they stormes portend,

He had his calmer influence ; and his Mine

Did Love and Majesty together blend.

19.

'Tis true, his Count'nance did imprint an awe,

And naturally all souls to his did bow ;

As *Wands of Divination* downward draw

And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

When

When past all Offerings to *Eretrian Jove*
 He Mars depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield,
 Successefull Councells did him soon approve
 As fit for close *Intrigues*, as open field.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a peace
 Our once bold Rivall in the *British Main*
 Now tamely glad her unjust claime to cease,
 And buy our Friendship with her Idoll gaine.

Fame of th'asserted Sea through *Europe* blown
 Made *France* and *Spaine* ambitious of his Love ;
 Each knew that side must conquer he would own
 And for him fiercely as for Empire strove.

No sooner was the *French man's* cause embrac'd
 Than the leight *Mounfire* the grave *Don* outwaigh'd,
 His fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,
 Though *Indian Mines* were in the other layd.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right ;
 For though some meaner Artift's skill were shown

In

(7)

In mingling colours, or in placing light,
Yet still the *faire Desigment* was his own.

25.

For from all tempers he could service draw;
The worth of each with its alloy he knew;
And as the *Confident* of Nature saw

How the Complexions did divide and brew.

26.

Or he their single vertues did surway,
By *intuition* in his own large brest,

Where all the rich *Idea's* of them lay,
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

27.

When such *Herôique Vertue* Heav'n sets out,
The Starrs like *Commons* sullenly obey;

Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a *taxe* they seldome pay.

28.

From this high-spring our forraign-Conquests flow
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend,

Since their Commencement to his Armes they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountaines may ascend.

He

He made us *Freemen* of the *Continent*

Whom Nature did like Captives treat before,

To nobler prey's the *English* *Lyon* sent,

And taught him first in *Belgian* walks to rore.

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land

Proud *Rome*, with dread, the fate of *Dunkirk* har'd;

And trembling with't behind more *Alpes* to stand,

Although an *Alexander* were her guard.

By his command we boldly crost the Line

And bravely fought where *Southern Starrs* arise,

We trac'd the farre-fetch'd Gold unto the mine

And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

Such was our Prince; yet own'd a soul above

The highest *Acts* it could produce to show:

Thus poor *Mechanick Arts* in publique moove

Whilst the deep Secrets beyond practice goe.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went lesse,

But when fresh *Lawrells* courted him to live;

He

(9)

He seem'd but to prevent some new successe ;
As if above what triumphs Earth could give.

34.

His latest Victories still thickest came

As, neer the *Center*, *Motion* does increase ;

Till he, pres'd down by his own weighty name,

Did, like the *Vestall*, under spoyles decease.

35.

But first the *Ocean* as a tribute sent

That Gyant *Prince* of all her watery Heard

And th' *Isle* when her *Protecting Genius* went

Upon his *Obsequies* loud sighs confer'd.

36.

No Civill broyles have since his death arose,

But *Faction* now by *Habit* does obey :

And *Warrs* have that respect for his repose,

As *Winds* for *Halcyons* when they breed at Sea.

37.

His Ashes in a peacefull Urne shall rest,

His Name a great example stands to show

How strangely high endeavours may be blest,

Where *Piety* and *valour* joyntly goe.

C

TO

Where first and where jointly goe.
 How strangely high endeavours may be shew'd
 His hand a grand example stands to show
 His Aides in a graceful line shall tow
 As wheels for wheels when they press as sea
 And waves have that respect for his repose
 But rather now by their descent
 No Civil broyles have since his death arose
 Upon his Opposites long fight could not
 And all the while not breathing down war
 That Great Spirit of all his worthy Aides
 But still the Great as a tribute show
 Did, like the high sunnier bodies decare
 Till he, proud as by his own way names
 As near the Center, Heaven does increase
 His latest Viceroy still should come
 As it above what things the Earth could give
 He seem'd but to preserve some new success



To the
Reverend Dr WILKINS
Warden of WADHAM Colledge

in OXFORD.

SIR,

SEEING you are pleas'd to think fit that these Papers should come into the Publique, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private friends hands; I humbly take the Boldnesse to commit them to the security which your name and protection will give them with the most knowing part of the world. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your defence. One is, that they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Geni^{us} of that excellent Poet, who made this way of writing free of our Nation: The other; that they are so little proportion'd and equall to the Renown of that Prince on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives deserving rather to bee the subjects of the noblest Pens and most divine Phantasies, than of such small beginners and weake essayers in Poetry, as my selfe. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other shield than the universall Esteem and Authority, which your judgement and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only upon the account of the Relati-

on you had to this great Person, nor of the generall favour
 which all Arts receive from you, but more peculiarly by reason of
 that obligation & zeal with which I am bound to dedicate my
 selfe to your service. For, having been a long time the ob-
 ject of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my
 studies and fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your
 own hands, and form'd under your Government; not to misle
 you to any thing which my meanesse produces, would not only
 be injustice but sacrilege. So that if there be any thing here
 tolerably said, and which deserves Pardon, it is yours, Sir, as
 well as he, who is

You most Devoted and

obliged Servant.



To



TO THE
HAPPIE MEMORY

of the most Renowned Prince,

OLIVER

LORD PROTECTOR, &c.

Pindarick Ode.

TIs true, Great name, thou art secure

From the forgetfulnesse and Rage

Of Death or Envie, or devouring age.

Thou canst the force and teeth of Time endure :

Thy Fame, like Men, the elder it doth grow,

Will of it selfe turn whiter too

Without what needlesse Art can do;

Will

Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy Hearse,

Though it were never heard or sung in Verse,

Without our help, thy Memory is safe,

They only want an Epitaph,

That does remain alone

Alive in an Inscription

Remembered only on the Brasse or Marble Stone.

Tis all in vain what we for thee can doe

All our Roses and Perfumes

Will but officious folly mew,

And pious Nothings to such mighry Tombes

All our Incense Gumms and Balm

Are but unnecessary duties here :

The Poets may their Spices spare

Their costly Numbers and their Tunefull feet:

That need not be Imbalm'd, which of it selfe is sweet.

We know, to praise thee is a dangerous proof

Of our Obedience and our Love:

For when the Sun and Fire meet,

Th'

Th' one's extinguish'd quite,
 And yet the other, never is more bright.
 So they that write of Thee, and joyn
 Their feeble names with Thine,
 Their weaker sparks with thy illustrious light,
 Will lose themselves in thar ambitious thought,
 And yet no Flame to thee from them be brought.
 We know, blest Spirit, thy mighty name
 Wants not Addition of another's Beam.
 It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theam.
 The Muses are made great by Thee, not thou by Them;
 Thy Fame's eternall Lamp will live
 And in thy Sacred Urne survive,
 Without the food or Oyle, which we can give.
 Tis true; but yet our Duty calls our Songs,
 Duty Commands our Tongues,
 Though thou want not our praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee.
 For so men from Religion art not freed.
 But

But, from the **Astare, Cloud must rise** 'ill
 Though **Heaven it selfe** doth nothing need,
 And though the **Gods** do not want, an **Earthly-Sacrifice**.
 Great life of Wonders, whose each year
 Full of new **Miracles** did appear!
 Whose every **Moneth** might be,
 Alone, a **Chronicle** or a **History**!
 Others great **Actions** are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there;
 At best, all but one single **Starr**:
 But thine the **Milkie way**,
 All one-continued-light, and undistinguish'd day.
 They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
 Scarce any common **Sky** did come between.
 What shall I say, or where begin?
 Thou mayst in double **Shapes** be shown;
 Or in thy **Armes**, or in thy **Gown**.
 Like **Jove** sometime with **Warlike Thunder**, and
 Sometimes with peacefull **Scepter** in thy hand,

Or

Or in the Field, or on the Throne ;
 In what thy Head, or what thy Arme hath done.
 All that thou didst was so refin'd
 So full of Substance, and so strongly joynd;
 So pure, so weighty Gold,
 That the least grain of it,
 If fully spread and beatt,
 Would many leaves, and mighty volumes hold.
 4.
 Before thy name was publish't, and whilst yet
 Thou only to thy self wert great ;
 Whilst yet thy happy Bud
 Was not quite seen, or understood,
 It then sure signs, of future greatness shew'd ;
 Then thy domestick worth
 Did tell the World, what it would bee
 When it should fit occasion see,
 When a full Spring should call it forth.
 As bodyes, in the Dark and Night,
 Have the same Colours, the same Red and White,
 D As

As in the open day and Light;
 The Sun doth only show
 That they are bright, not make them so:
 So whilst, but private Walls did know
 What we to such a Mighty mind should owe:
 Then the same vertues did appear
 Though in a lesse, and more Contracted Sphear;
 As full, though not as large as since they were.
 And like great Rivers, Fountains, though
 At first so deep, thou didst not goe;
 Though then thine was not so enlarg'd a flood
 Yet when 'twas Little, 'twas as cleer as good.
 5.
 'Tis true, thou wast not born unto a Crown,
 Thy Scepter's not thy Fathers, but thy own.
 Thy purple was not made at once in haste,
 But, after many other colours past,
 It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.
 Thou didst begin with lesser Cares
 And private thoughts, took up thy private years:
 Those

(17)

Those hands which were ordain'd by Fates
To change the World, and alter States,
Practiz'd, at first, that vast design
On meaner things, with equal mind.
That Soul, which should so many Scepters sway
To whom so many Kingdomes should obey,
Learn'd first to rule in a Domestick way :
So Government, it self began
From Family, and single Man,
Was by the small relations first
Of Husband and of Father nurs'd
And, from those lesse beginnings past,
To spread it self, o're all the World at last.
6.
But when thy Country (then almost enthrall'd)
Thy vertues and thy courage call'd
When England did thy Armes intreat
And t'had been sinne in thee, not to be great;
When every Stream, and every Flood,
Was a true vein of Earth, and ran with blood
D 2 When

When unus'd Armes, and unknown War,
 Fill'd every place, and every Eare;
 When the great stormes and dismal Night
 Did all the Land afright;
 'Twas time for thee, to bring forth all our Light.
 Thou left'st thy more delightfull peace
 Thy Private life and better ease;
 Then down thy Steel and Armour rook,
 Wishing that it shil hung upon the hook;
 When death had got a large Commission out
 Throwing her Arrows, and her Stings about;
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)
 Was't lifted up, not for thy self, but us.
 Thy Country wounded 'twas, and sick before,
 Thy Wars and Armes did her restore:
 Thou knew'st where the disease did lye
 And, like the Cure of Sympathy,
 Thy strong and certain Remedy
 Unto the Weapon didst apply.
 Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so Away

Away the Scabbard throw

As if thy Country should

Be the Inheritance of Mars and blood;

But that when the great work was spunn

War in it self should be undone

That peace might land again upon the shoare

Richer and better than before,

The husbandman no Steel should know

None but the usefull Iron of the Plow;

That bayes might Creep on every Spear.

And though our Skie was over-spread

With a destructive red,

'Twas but till thou, our Sun, didst in full light appear.

8.

When Ajax dyed, the purple blood

That from his Gaping Wounds had flow'd

Turn'd into Letters, every Leaf

Had on it writ, his Epitaph:

So from that Crimion Flood

Which thou by fate of times wert led

D 3

Unwilling

Unwillingly to Shed

Letters and Learning rose, and were renew'd.

Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate

But to refine the Church and State

And like the Romans, what e're thou

In the Field of Mars didst mow,

Was, that a holy Island thence might grow.

Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shoure

Which Welcome Clouds do poure ;

Though they at first may seem

To carry all away, with an enraged Stream,

Yet did not happen, that they might destroy

Or the better parts annoy ;

But all the filth and Mud to scower

And leave behind a Richer Slime,

To give a birth to a more happy power.

And make new fruits arise, in their appoynted time.

In Field unconquer'd, and so well

Thou didst in battails, and in armes excell,

That

That Steelly Armes themselves might be
 Worn out in Warre, as soon as thee.
 Successe so crosse upon thy Tröops did waite,
 As if thou first hadst Conquered Fate;
 As if uncertain Victory
 Had been first overcome by thee ;
 As if her wings were clipt, and could not flee
 Whilst thou didst only serve.
 Before thou hadst what first Thou didst deserve,
 Others by thee did great things do,
 Triumph'st thy self, and mad'st them Triumph too:
 Though they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher sphere
 Thou the Great Sun, gav'st light to every Starre.
 Thy self an Army wert alone
 And mighty Troops contain'dst in one:
 Thy only Sword did guard the Land
 Like that, which flaming in the angel's hand
 From Men God's Garden did defend:
 But yet thy Sword did more than his,
 Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise.
 D 4 10 Thou

Thou fought'st not to be high or great,
 Not for a Scepter or a Crown,
 Or Ermyne, Purple, or the Throne;
 But as the Vestal hear
 Thy Fire was kindled from above alone.
 Religion putting on thy shield
 Brought thee Victorious to the Field:
 Thy armes like those which antient Hero's wore
 Were given by the God thou didst adore:
 And all the Swords, thy Armies had
 Were on an Heavenly anvill made.
 Not Int'rest, or any weak desire
 Of rule, or empire, did thy mind inspire :
 Thy valour, like the holy Fire,
 Which did before the Persian Armies go,
 Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too.
 Thy mighty Sword anticipates
 What was reserv'd for Heaven, & those blest Seats
 And makes the Church triumphant here below.

II.

Though Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
 And did obey thy mighty word;
 Though Fortune for thy fide, and thee,
 Forgot her lov'd Inconstancy;
 Amidst thy Armes and Trophies Thou
 Wert Valiant, and Gentle too;
 Woundedst thy selfe, when thou didst kill thy Foe.
 Like Steel when it much work hath past
 That which was rough, doth shine at last;
 Thy Arms by being oftner us'd, did smoother grow;
 Nor did thy Battails make thee proud or high;
 Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not thee:
 Thou overcam'st thy selfe, in every Victorie.
 As when the Sunne, in a directer line
 Upon a polish'd Golden Shield doth shine,
 The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
 So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight,

E

When

When thy propitious God had lent
 Successe and Victory to thy Tent ;
 To Heaven again the Victory was sent.

12.

England, till thou didst come,

Confin'd her valour home ;

Then our own Rocks did stand

Bounds to our Fame, as well as Land ;

And were t us, as well

As to Our Enemies, unpassable:

We were asham'd, at what we readd ;

And blusht, at what Our Fathers did ;

Because we came so farre behind the dead.

The Brittish Lyon hung his Main and droopt,

To slavery and Burthens stoopt,

With a degenerate Sleep, and Fear

Lay in his Den, and Languish't there ;

At whose least voice before

A trembling Eccho ran, through every Shoare,

And shook the World at every Roare.

Thou

(95)

Thou his subdued Courage didst restore
Sharpen'dst his Claws, and in his Eyes
Mad'st the same dreadfull Lightning rise;
Mad'st him again afright the neighbouring Floods
His mighty Thunder sound through all the Woods.

Thou hast Our Military Fame redeem'd
Which once was lost, or Clouded seem'd;
Nay more, Heaven did by thee bestow
On us at once an Iron Age, and Happy too.

13.

Till thou Command'st, that Azure Chaines of Waves
Which Nature round about us sent
Made us to every Pyrat slaves,
Was rather burthen, then an Ornament.

Those fields of Sea that washt our Shores
Were plowgh'd and reap'd, by other hands then ours.

To us the Liquid Masse
Which doth about us run
As it is to the Sunne,
Only a bed to sleep in, was.

E 2

And

And not, as now, a powerfull Throne
To shake and sway, the World thereon.

Our Princes in their hand a Globe did shew,

But not a perfect one

Compos'd of Earth and Water too,

But thy Command, the Floods obey'd;

Thou all the Wildernesse of Water sway'd ;

Thou didst but only Wed the Sea

Not make her equall, but a slave to thee.

Neptune himselfe did bear thy Yoke,

Strooped and Trembled at thy Stroke :

He that ruled all the Main

Acknowledg'd thee, his Soveraigne.

And now the Conquered Sea doth pay

More Tribute to thy Thames; then that, unto the Sea

14.

Till now our Valour did our Selves more hurt ;

Our Wounds to other Nations, were a sport;

And as the Earth, Our Land produced

Iron and Steel, which should to teare our selves.

be used.

Our

Our Strength within it selfe did breake,
 Lkie Thundering Cannons-Crack,
 And kill those that were neer;
 While th' Enemies, secure and untouch't were.
 But now Our Trumpets thou hast made to sound
 Against our Enemies walls in Forraign-ground,
 And yet no Eccho back on us returning found.
 England is now the happy peacefull Isle,
 And all the World the while
 Is exercising Armes and Warrs
 With Forrain or Intestine Jarrs.
 The Torch extinguish't here, we lend to others Oyle;
 We give to all, yet know our selves no feare,
 We reach the Flame of ruine and of death
 Where ere we please Our Swords run sheathe.
 VVhilst we in calm & temperate Regions breathe:
 Like to the Sunne, whose heat is hur'd
 Through every corner of the VVorld;
 VVhose Flame through all the aire doth go
 And yet the Sun himself the while, no fire doth know.

Besides the Glories of thy peace

Arc not in number, nor in value lesse;

Thy hand did Cure and close the Scarrs

Of our bloody Civill Warrs;

Not only Lanc'd, but heal'd the Wound;

Made us again, as healthy and as found.

When now the Ship was welnigh lost

After the Storme upon the Coast,

By its best Mariners endanger'd most;

When they their Ropes and Helms had left

When the Plancks asunder cleft,

And Floods came roaring in with mighty sound ;

Thou a safe Land, and Harbour for us found,

And saved'st those that would themselves have

(drown'd.

A work which none but Heaven & thee could do

Thou mad'st us happie whe're we would or no :

Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great

As if those vertues only in thy mind had seat.

Thy Piety not only in the Field but Peace

When Heaven seemd to be wanted least.

Thy

Thy Temples not like *Jane's* only were

Open in time of warr:

When thou hadst greater caule of feare

Religion and the Awe of Heaven posselt,

All places and all times alike, thy breast.

16.

Nor didst thou only for thy age provide

But for the yeares to come, beside

Our after-times, and late posterity

Shall pay unto thy Fame, as much as we.

They too, are happy made by thee.

When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,

And when thy Mortall work was done,

When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gon :

Thou him to bear thy burthen chose,

Whom might (if any could) make us forget thy losse :

Nor hadst thou Him design'd,

Had he not bin

Not only to thy blood, but vertue Kinn;

Not only heire unto thy Throne, but Minde.

Tis

'Tis He shall perfect all thy Cures
 And, with as fine a Thread, weave out thy Loom.
 So, One did bring the Chosen people from
 Their Slavery and Feares,
 Led them through their Pathlesse Road,
 Guided himselfe by God,
 He brought them to the Borders; but a Second hand
 Did settle and Secure them, in the promis'd Land.

Upon

Not only to thy blood, but virtue bring
 Not only haire name thy Throne, but think



(18)

UPON THE LATE
S T O R M E
AND DEATH OF HIS
H I G H N E S S E
Ensuing the same.

By M^r. *Waller*.

WE must resigne; Heav'n His great Sold do's (claim
In storms as loud, as His *Immortall Fame*;
His dying *groanes*, his last *Breath* shakes our Isle,
And Trees uncutt fall for His *Funerall Pile*,
About His Pallace their broad roots are tost
Into the aire; So *Romulus* was lost:
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mis't her King,
And from *Obeying* fell to *Worshipping*.

F

On

On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay dead
 With ruin'd *Oaks*, and *Pines* about him spread ;
 The *Poplar* too, whose bough he woont to wear
 On his *Victorious* head, lay prostrate there.

Those his last fury from the *Mountain* rent,
 Our dying-*Hero*, from the *Continent*,
 Ravish't whole *Towns* and *Fortes*, from *Spaniards* rest,
 As his last Legacy, to *Brittain* left.

The *Ocean* which so long our hopes confin'd
 Could give no limits to His vaster mind ;
 Our Bounds *inlargment* was his latest toyle ;
 Nor hath he left us *Prisepers* to our *Ile* ;
 Under the *Tropick* is our language spoke,
 And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our yoke.

From *Civill* Broyls, he did us disingage,
 Found nobler objects for our *Martiall* rage ;
 And with wise *Conduct* to his Country show'd
 Their ancient way of conquering *abroad* :

Ungratefull then, if we no Tears allow
 To *Him* that gave us *Peace*, and *Empire* too.

Princes

(32)

Princes that fear'd him, *grieve*, concern'd, to see

No pitch of glory from the Grave is free.

Nature her selfe took notice of His death,

And *sighing* swel'd the Sea, with such a breath

That to remotest shores her Billows rold,

Th' approaching Fate of her *great-Ruler* told.

FINIS.
